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TRIAL AND EXECUTION

OF THE

GRAND MUFTI.

FROM AN ANCIENT

HORSLEIAN MANUSCRIPT,

FOUND IN THE

CATHEDRAL OF ROCHESTER.

" Almighty and Everlasting God, who alone worketh
" GREAT MARVELS, send down on our BISHOPS, the health-
" ful Spirit of thy Grace.

COMMON PRAYER BOOK.

" Receive (he said) these Robes which once were mine,
" Dullness is Sacred in a SOUND DIVINE,
" He ceas'd, and spread the Robe; the Crowd confess
" The Reverend Flamen, in his lengthened Dress
" Around Him wide a Sable Army stand
" A low Born, Cell Bred, selfish, servile Band,
" Prompt, or to guard, or stab—to Saint—or Damn
" Heav'ns Swiss—who Fight for any God—or Man.

POPE'S DUNCIAD.

" For sure if Dullness sees a grateful Day,
" 'Tis in the Shade of Arbitrary Sway,
" O! if my Sons may learn one earthly Thing,
" Teach but that one, *sufficient* for a King
" That which my Priests, and *mine alone* maintain,
" Which as it Dies—or Lives—we Fall—or Reign,
" May you my Cam, and Isis—Preach it long,
" THE RIGHT DIVINE OF KINGS—*to Govern Wrong.*

IBID.

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FROM AN ANCIENT
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TRIAL AND EXECUTION
OF THE
GRAND MUFTI.

AFTER what has been ſaid in Parliament about the Execution of the MUFTI, and the confuſed Stories which have been propagated in other Places, I conſider it my Duty, as an Eye-Witneſs, to ſatisfy the Public curioſity, by giving a full Account of the melancholy Event. I can truly affirm, that I undertake the Taſk with a ſteady Determination to adhere to Truth; but if the Recollection of the many Virtues of that *excellent Perſon* ſhould incline me occaſionally, to extenuate his Failings, I truſt every liberal Mind will excuſe ſo *natural* a Partiality.

On the Night of the Twenty-third of November, a conſiderable number of Perſons of different Ranks and Sexes, aſſembled in a Stable Yard, in one of the Suburbs of the City of Rocheſter, and there formed themſelves (by what Authority I know not) into a Court of Inquiry: to take cognizance of certain HIGH CRIMES imputed to the moſt Reverend MUFTI. It is with great reluctance that I ſay any Thing which may be conſtrued into a Reflection againſt a Court of Juſtice, but I cannot conceal, that the firſt Proceedings in this Caſe, were neither orderly nor fair; for I have been credibly informed, that a proper Notice of the Trial was never ſent to his Lordſhip; and I know that he had no Council aſſigned to him for his Defence.

The Buſineſs was opened by a very reſpectable *Bellows Mender*, who officiated as Crier, and with a Loud Voice ſummoned the MUFTI to come forward and anſwer to the Charges. This not being complied with, they reſolved to proceed in his Abſence, to which a Spirited Oppoſition was made by *Two Old Women*, who objected to the competency of the Court, and proteſted againſt the irregularity of the Pro-

ceedings, with a degree of Vigour and Ingenuity that would have done credit to the Wiſdom and Energy even of Sir JOHN MITFORD. But, as it always happens with prejudiced Judges, every Objection was *repelled*, with as much Vehemency and Ferocity, as if the JUSTICE CLERK himſelf had been on the Bench.

At laſt, however, it was determined to try him by *Proxy*, and for this Purpoſe, the whole Neighbourhood was ſearched for ſomething to repreſent ſo high a Character. A Poor Ragged Fellow, with a Wooden Leg, was requeſted to put the Wig and Sleeves on for Ten Minutes; but he declared, the whole World ſhould not tempt him to degrade himſelf by appearing in that Character for a Moment. A fat Bull Calf, which was bellowing hard by, was then thought of, as bearing, in the Opinion of many, a ſtriking Reſemblance to to his Lordſhip's features. But the Attention of every one was ſuddenly turned to another Object. It was a tall Man, bearing on his Shoulder a large piece of Timber, half-rotten, partly conſumed with Fire, and bound with Iron Hoops quite ruſty with Age. This, he ſaid, he offered to the *Aſſembly*, as perfectly ſuitable to the purpoſe they had in View, as he could aſſure them, it was one of the Stakes that had been uſed by the Bloody Queen Mary, for burning Diſſenters in Smithfield. He added, that he had found it in the Muſeum of the MUFTI, who prized it highly, as a moſt important and valuable Relic, and therefore nothing could be ſo fit to repreſent his Perſon.

We have heard of the Heſitation of a Carpenter of Antiquity, whether he ſhould convert his Log into a Stool or a God. But there was no heſitation on this Occaſion, for the Holy Stake was inſtantly created a Biſhop, by an univerſal ſhout, and inveſted with the *Coſtume* accordingly.

He was then put to the Bar, which, to ſpeak the Truth, was only a Dunghill in the corner of the Yard, where he attracted the Eyes of the whole People, by the Gravity of his Aſpect and Behaviour. The *Old Women* ſhed Tears, and withdrew their Oppoſition, confeſſing that the Timber repreſented the MUFTI in the *ſame Manner* as the Members for Old Sarum repreſented the People of England.

The Court proceeded to Queſtion him regarding his Principles, which he would give no Explanation of, but preſerv-

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ed a Sullen Silence. This Conduct is ſuppoſed to have been recommended to him by his Friends, in conſequence of the unfortunate Attempt he made to explain his Words on another occaſion. Being aſked whether he would not burn all the Diſſenters if it were in his Power? he did not deny it. It was then demanded of him, whether he had not affirmed, *that the People had nothing to do with the Laws but to obey them?* This, *though ſeveral Times repeated*, he did not contradict; upon which, ſuch a ſhout of Indignation aroſe as threatened him with inſtant Deſtruction; but the leaders of the Proſecution humanely interpoſed, in order to give him an Opportunity of *recanting his Errors*; being deſirous, as they ſaid, to convince him and all the World, that the meaneſt of ths People have more liberality than certain Dignitaries of high Pretenſions, and that the ragged and deſpiſed Vulgar poſſeſs more Mildneſs, Humanity, and Charity, than ſome of thoſe who profeſs to Teach the Doctrines of *Peace* and *Good Will*.

The Priſoner was therefore aſked, whether he would abjure thoſe Wicked Tenets, and live hereafter in a Manner ſuitable to his Profeſſion? But ſo very obſtinate was this unhappy MUFTI, that he could not be prevailed on to make any Anſwers. He was nevertheleſs informed by the Court, that he ſhould be attended to if he had any Thing to urge in Mitigation of Puniſhment; when, to the Aſtoniſhment of all Beholders, he fell flat on his Face in the midſt of the Dunghill. Some attribted this to a conſciouſneſs of Guilt; ſome conſidered it as an humble Application for Mercy; but the *true* Reaſon ſeems to be, that he had not been ſtuck deep enough in the Dung; for, when he was raiſed up, there was no manner of Alteration in his Countenance, neither had he received any perſonal Injury, except in point of Cleanlineſs.

There being no reaſon to doubt of his Guilt, all that remained was to determine on the Puniſhment; with regard to which, there appeared a conſiderable difference of Sentiment.

A Roman Catholic was of Opinion, that, although he was of *no uſe here*, he might be very uſeful in *another Country*, and therefore propoſed to ſend him to Portugal, where he might find Empioyment as an Inquiſitor.

A Sheriff's Officer, ſuggeſted that he might be of ſervice at Botany Bay.

A Currier thought they might find uſe for him at Home; becauſe, although his Body were good for nothing, yet there was no propriety in exporting the Hide.

A Weſt India Merchant offered to procure him a Place as a Negro Driver in Jamaica.

An Honeſt Fellow of a Turk adviſed to ſend him to Conſtantinople, where his Maſter, the Grand Signior, might Reward him as he thought proper, either with the Confirmation of his Office, or with the Bowſtring.

A Perſon of the Name of Reeves. inſinuated, that probably an Inquiſitor might by and by be as neceſſary in this Country as elſewhere, to carry into Effect the admirable CONVENTION BILL. But this Idea, I know not for what Reaſon, ſeemed very unpalatable to the whole of the People.

In ſhort, the general Opinion was, that he ought to be made a PUBLIC EXAMPLE among the PEOPLE whom he had vilified and inſulted. Accordingly Preparations were made for the Ceremony; and, in the mean time, the Delinquent was committed Priſoner to the Stable.

In the Morning, *the People* being again Aſſembled at an early Hour, he was brought forth, and about a Foot and a half ſawn off the Lower Extremity of his Body, to render him more portable; which Operation he endured with becoming Fortitude. He was then beſmeared with Tar, over which a conſiderable Quantity of Hemp was firmly bound; not (as has been falſely inſinuated) to hide the Blotches that *overſpread his* Skin; but to reſtore that Rotundity and Epiſcopal Plumpneſs, which his late ſcanty Diet, had grievouſly reduced. A pair of old Boots filled with Sand, and fixed to the lower Part of his Body, ſerved his Lordſhip for Legs. His Gown was a Soot Bag, which a Chimney Sweeper generouſly lent on the Occaſion; and the Lawn Sleeves were tolerably well repreſented by an old pair of White Trowſers. It is much to be regretted that he was not *equally fortunate* in a Wig; but the urgency of the ſame afforded nothing better than part of a Sheep' Skin with the Wool, the Tail of which however, hung very gracefully down his Back. A large Label was then affixed to his Breaſt, with an

Inſcription

Inſcription, containing his Name and Calling, and his Opinion,

" THAT THE PEOPLE HAD NOTHING TO DO " WITH THE LAWS BUT TO OBEY THEM."

Laſt of all, a Rope was put round his Neck.

When raiſed up; he was found quite Motionleſs and unable to ſtand. A Sailor Lad humanely ſcrubbed his Face with a Mop, which brightened his Countenance a good deal, and ſeemed to revive him. He was then ſlowly led along, (his Legs ſtill dragging after him) and mounted on a Jack-Aſs that was provided for that Purpoſe! On each Thigh there was fixed a Spit; to repreſent, as ſome ſuppose, the Propagation of Religion by the Sword, and cutting the Throats of all who differ in Opinion. Others imagine, with more probity, that the two Spits were Emblemtical of his Two Wives, both of whom had previouſly ſerved him as Cook Maids. And it is added, that a Piece of Beef ſhould have been ſtuck on each Spit, if it had not been conſidered, that the preſent *juſt and neceſſary* War required all that could be ſpared of that Article to *be ſent Abroad*.

The Aſs moved at a ſlow Pace, and with a Gravity ſuited to the Occaſion: while the MUFTI, ſupported by a Man on each ſide, preſerved an erect Poſture; and an undaunted Demeanour. Neither the indecent Triumphs of his Enemies, nor the Tears and Lamentations of his Friends, produced the leaſt Alteration in his Countenance. Yet it is affirmed by ſome, that on a Cry being made of " NO BIRMINGHAM " CHURCH AND KING MOBS," he grinned with a Malicious Smile, as recollecting with Satisfaction the Happy Circumſtance of thoſe *good* and *loyal* Times, when Ignorance brandiſhed the avenging Sword of the Church, to deſtroy Genius, Science, and *Hereſy*.

A Perſon attended at his Side to adminiſter Conſolation, and to Read to him ſuch Things as were beſt adapted to his Situation. But he would attend to nothing but the Court-Calendar, with the Liſts of *Salaries and Penſions*. He ſhewed the utmoſt Repugnance to hear any Thing that recommended Meekneſs, Forgiveneſs of Injury, Gentleneſs, or Toleration. And when a certain Paſſage was turned up, reflecting on Pride, Haughtineſs, and Inſatiable Ambition, he was ſo enraged

raged, that he had almoſt thrown himſelf from the Aſs's back.

When the Proceſſion had arrived oppoſite the Cathedral, the People ſent forth three loud Huzzas, the ſound of which ſo frightened Sir EDWARD KNATCHBULL, that he has not yet recovered himſelf.

At length, having reached the Fatal Tree, and ſhewing no Signs of Contrition or Remorſe, the Executioner performed his duty by Hanging him up. While he remained ſuſpended, the People ſhouted and exulted, *as if they had extirpated a Monſter from the Earth.* Many of them even brought their Children, to warn them, by the Fate of the MUFTI, againſt ever attempting to check the Progreſs of Reaſon, or to depreſs ſtill farther the humble Ranks of the People.

On ſearching his Pockets, nothing was found except a Knife and Fork, and a Cork-Screw, together with ſeveral Papers in his own Hand Writing. One of them was intituled, "*A Scheme for Bridling all the Diſſenters, and other diſaffected "Perſons in the three Kingdoms.*" Another contained the Heads of a Plan for advancing the intereſt of the Church, by reſtoring its *ancient* Splendour, and its Superiority over the *Civil Power.* A third was a Private matter of his own, being merely an Eſtimate of the Profits of the Richeſt See, with a Regiſter of the Age of the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, and the Biſhops of Durham and Wincheſter, with a nice Calculation of the *probable length* of their Lives; on which he appears to have been *very anxious*, and to have taken *extraordinary pains.*

What beame of the Body no Perſon can tell. Some conjecture that the Devil muſt have taken it away, while others affirm thas he is now Alive, and in London. But whatever be the Caſe, it is moſt probable, that his Neck has received ſuch a Twiſt as will in *future* give a *different turn* to his Declamations.

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FINIS.